

Good for master learned to think of it -
day or two. Don't clutter her with studies.
50 mile around Helen's letter in a
wondering Shakespeare!

129
Roxbury, Feb. 7, 1874.

My dear Fanny:

Your letter, enclosing one to me from Helen, is received. To-morrow you will be busy enough with your "Kettle Drum" party, but I am curious to know how that name was originated, or what it means as differing from any other social party. Your card of invitation is handsomely engraved. May you have a good day, a good attendance, and a good time.

William, Ellie and Frank attended their Conversational Club meeting last evening; but only a few members were present, owing to various causes. The subject was "Evolution." What success they had in evolving it Frank did not state.

I spent the evening, by special invitation, with Dora Brigham, at a seance given by Mrs. Maude Lord Mitch-

ell in Waltham street. A select company of some twenty persons were present, and the manifestations were varied; music being played upon a banjo, guitar, and with a music box, by the invisibles; hands were grasped, faces affectionately patted, and the presence of a large number of the departed described as to their personal appearance, their names being accurately given, so that nearly every one was having a communication from father, mother, husband, wife, sister, son, daughter, or friend, to the satisfaction and surprise of all. In various instances the identification was particularly striking, the medium by no possibility knowing anything of the parties described. Dord's father contented himself with saluting her, taking her hand, and speaking in a hoarse whisper in a characteristic manner. George Thompson spoke audibly his name to me, grasped my hand, and gave me other tokens of his presence. So did your mother. Mrs. Mitchell described others that were

around me - Charlie, Lizzie, May (Benson), and one who, she said, had died of a cancer - sister Sarah Benson. Beautiful electric lights were seen by all, darting up and down, and moving in various directions - &c., &c. I know how incorrigibly skeptical my daughter is in regard to these "manifestations," and, of course, I do not recite them for her acceptance, but merely as a series of singular phenomena, and to help fill up a little space in this letter.

Mr. Chase, the Principal of the Dudley School, has written me a note, inviting me to address his scholars on Washington's birthday. I have declined making any positive promise to do so. I have also been invited to participate, next Wednesday, in a commemoration of the 70th birthday of Abraham Lincoln by the Lincoln Club of West Meriden, Ct. I have sent them a letter as a substitute for my attendance, but it is of such a nature that I hardly think it will be read on the occasion.

Mary Townsend has just spent an hour with me, looking as fair and rosy as your mother used to do, and quite as robust. William is in the city, attending to some business — I mean her husband. Tomorrow she will make a flying visit to the Anthonys at Cambridgeport. He reports all well in Providence.

I have just received two excellent cabinet photographs of the venerable Bewick sisters, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the daughters of the late Thomas Bewick, the celebrated wood engraver, in whose case Wendell has taken such interest. Isabella, the youngest, is 88 years old; her sister (Christian name not given) is ^{June} 92 years old. They have striking faces, and look in good condition.

Mrs. Mawson, of Gateshead, has sent you a pretty chrome card, with her "dear love," and wishing you "a glad new year." I have not an envelope wide enough for it.

Your loving Father.